

MRS. BLINKINS

And How She Visited the St. Louis Exposition.

Mrs. Blinkins, it will be remembered, had gone to sleep in her room at the Laclede hotel, in St. Louis, and like a woman with a clear conscience and a husband who neither had cold feet or stayed out all night, she slept well.

In the morning she rose and after donning her black alpaca, putting on her bonnet, etc., and counting the money which she had safely hidden in the pocket of her night dress, she thought it was about time for breakfast and to that end opened her door leading into the hall for the purpose of asking a passing servant the way to the dining room. She was politely told the way, and with a "thank you, sir," she went on. After going some distance from her room, she happened to think that she had forgotten to bring her money, and immediately began to retrace her steps, much hurried at her carelessness.

She did not remember the number of her room, but she stopped at a door which she thought had a familiar look, and she hastily turned the knob and entered. No sooner had she done so, however, until with a shrill "my gracious goodness," she beat a hasty retreat and the gentleman from whom she had just pulled on a pair of bifurcated garments which usually belong to the sex masculine, let them drop as if they had suddenly become red hot and leaping wildly back into the bed drew the covers over him with a jerk which almost rent them asunder.

Mrs. B. didn't stop for explanations; for once the situation was too much for her and when she did at last find her own room, it took her a good half hour to get over her mortification and astonishment.

She resolved the next time she left her room she would tie her handkerchief on the knob, and this she did, getting down to her breakfast finally with the aid of one of the chambermaids, in great haste.

After breakfasting, she inquired the best way to find the exposition building, and obeying instructions implicitly, she at length reached the door through which a large throng was constantly passing and although considerably confused, was soon staring with all her eyes at the wonderful and interesting sights ranged on every side. She was delighted with everything and her good humor found vent in such expressions as those near her as "My stars, it does beat the world don't it," and "Well, well; this is pretty big potatoes, ain't it?" etc. Some of those she addressed, laughed, others scowled and one young man said, "You are right, old lady, this just lays over the deck."

Mrs. B. looked over the Turkish display, told the girl in a red fez "she looked more like and Irishier than a turkey," inspected the fine dresses in the Vanderbilt cases. Said she, "wouldn't wear them trails to a dog fight," and then she wandered over to the hatchery. Here she came near getting into trouble because the man insisted that she should pay an admission fee before entering. She said "you young scallawag, I paid twenty-five cents at the door of this exposition building and there wasn't a word said about anything else, and you just get out'n my way this minute or I'll lay you across my knee."

The young man protested that he couldn't let her in free, and after several explanations she was induced to pay and pass in. The chickens were being hatched by the wholesale, and as they were in every stage of incubation, Mrs. B. was almost too much astonished for speech. She looked, looked again, sighed, coughed, and finally set down, folded her hands over her reticule and said: "Mister, I've got a couple of hens in Sedalia, regular yellow-legged dominos, and I was a cackling on about hatching some chickens next spring, but I shan't do it now. I shouldn't be satisfied with 'em, too much sugar for a cent by a long shot. I'll just make 'em up in pot pie, and when I want any hatching done your machine will catch me every time."

The man was much pleased with her candidly expressed opinion, and as he bowed her out, he filled her hands with circulars, etc., until she looked like a ticket broker's office.

Just here she struck the place where suspenders, etc., were sold, and a bold looking miss, with a yellow bang and a big bustle, asked her if she didn't want to make a purchase. She said she "guessed not," but the girl threw a couple of pairs of suspenders before her and several braces of garters, and told her she must buy. Mrs. B. did not like to be told she must do anything, but she thought she would be pleasant, and in a polite way she said, "Miss my old man don't need any suspenders at present, and as for them ringy rubber socking holders, I wouldn't wear one of 'em for a dollar." "Wouldn't you," said the girl with the bang, "Well, I'm going to put this pair on you and show you how nice they are," and with a quick motion she stooped towards Mrs. B.'s sturdily planted feet, as though she really meant to put 'em on right there and then.

She hadn't more than done so, however, ere she was caught by the strong right hand of the offend-d Mrs. B., and shaken till the breath nearly left her body and the bang looked as if it had suffered through a cyclone. "You young hussy, ain't you got a bit of shame," she exclaimed between the shakes. "Where's your ma and pa that they don't see to you, put 'em on me right by'er before folks, will you. I'll learn you what's what!"

People crowded around to see the fun of course and as the girl struggled and screamed in the hands of the exasperated Mrs. B. a policeman came up who immediately stopped the proceeding by putting her under arrest.

In vain she pleaded. She was hustled out and the next morning an item appeared in the Post-Dispatch which read:

"A disturbance occurred at the exposition building yesterday which ended in a complaint of disturbing the peace. It seems an elderly lady named Blinkins, from Sedalia, thought herself insulted by one of the pretty girls who has been doing duty in the suspender department and with a vim and energy which proved her muscular and pugilistic ability intact, began to administer corporal punishment to the offender. Officer McGoggin, who just then happened to be near (having been purchasing a pair of suspenders the fifteenth pair in two days) promptly arrested the belligerent Blinkins and she was marched to the four courts, where, after spending the night in last perjured bas-

tile, this morning was assessed before his honor the sum of \$3.50 and allowed to depart, a wiser if not a happier woman. In this connection it is well to say that Sedalia had better have her female pugilists "hobbed" before visiting our great city; they come to grief as did the amezonian Mrs. B. aforesaid."

Mr. Blinkins read that item and the same evening went to the depot to meet Mrs. B., for he well knew she would be home on the first train. Nor was he disappointed for a forlorn looking old lady in a torn alpaca dress, a bent bonnet and a reticule wearily twisted to one side, tumbled into his arms and in a weak voice gasped out: "Take me home, Blinkins, and if you ever say St. Louis Exposition to me as long as you live, I'll have an iron-clad divorce. So, there now!"

—Anderson beats all competitors in watches and jewelry 9-22&wv

MAMMA'S BABY.

A St. Louis Man Who, When a Baby, Was Immortalized by Charles Dickens.

St. Louis Chronicle.

Last Sunday Charles B. Garrison celebrated his 43d birthday at 3516 Page avenue, in the presence of his father, his wife and three children. While the occasion was one of great interest to Mr. Garrison, his family and friends generally, it becomes one which will fix the attention of many others, here and abroad, when it is said that the celebrant, when a baby not yet grown to the dignity of a birthday, and traveling in his mother's arms to the embraces of the father in St. Louis, whom he had never seen, was met on the river boat between St. Louis and Louisville by Charles Dickens, then traveling through the United States, who immortalized

and her first child in the most delicious little sketch of pathos and humor that appears in his "American Notes"—that which is read by contemporary writers, to have been said oft and with most pleasure by the distinguished Lord Jeffrey. Dickens, at the time, was gathering material for his American pen-pictures; the young Mrs. Garrison was returning from New York where the baby was born, to St. Louis, by the way of Pittsburgh and the Ohio River, and the pretty scene of motherly happiness—actual in the possession of the child and anticipatory in the thought of meeting the husband—touched him deeply. He later to his friend Forster in London, dated April, 1842, and touching upon the incident with even more feeling than is shown in the "American Notes," is exquisite in its appeal to the domestic sympathies which lie in every heart and shows the great author in a light in which he rarely allowed himself to appear even in the laudatory pages of his best novels.

DICKENS'S LETTER.

"There was a little woman on board," begins the letter, "with a little baby, and both little woman and little child were cheerful, good looking, bright-eyed and fair to see. The little woman had been passing a long time with a sick mother in New York, and had left her home in St. Louis in that condition in which ladies who truly love their lords delight to be. The baby had been born in her mother's house, and she had not seen her husband for twelve months. Well, there never was a little woman so full of love and hope, and tenderness and anxiety, as this little woman was, and wondering whether he would be at the wharf, and whether he had got her letter, and whether, if she sent the baby on before by somebody else, he would know it, meeting it in the street, which, seeing that he had never set eyes on it in his life, was not very likely in the abstract, but was probable enough to the young mother. She was such an artless little creature, and was in such a sunny, beaming, hopeful state, and let out all this matter clinging close about her heart so freely that all the other lady passengers entered in to the spirit of it as much as she. It was something of a blow to the little woman that when we were within 20 miles of our destination it became clear y necessary to put the baby to bed, but she got over that with the same good humor, tied a little handkerchief over her little head and came out into the gallery with the rest. Then such an oracle as she became in reference to the localities and such facetiousness as was displayed by the married ladies and such sympathy as was shown by the single ones, and such peals of laughter as

THE LITTLE WOMAN HERSELF.

who would just as soon have cried, greeted every jest with. At last there were the lights of St. Louis, and here was the wharf, and there were the steps, and the little woman, covering her face with her hands, and laughing, or seeming to laugh, more than ever, ran into the cabin and shut herself up tight. I have no doubt that in the charming inconsistency of such excitement she stopped her ears, lest she should hear him asking for her, but I didn't see her do it. Then a great crowd of people rushed on board though the boat was not yet made fast, and everybody looked for the husband and nobody saw him. When all of a sudden, right in the midst of them—God knows how she ever got there—there was the little woman hugging with both arms around the neck of a fine, good-looking, sturdy fellow, and in a moment, there she was again, lugging him through the small door of her small cabin to look at the baby as he lay asleep. What a good thing it is to know that so many of us would have been quite down-hearted and sorry if that husband had failed to come!"

CHARLES B. GARRISON.

the baby described as the object of so much maternal solicitude, is now a member of the firm of Farley, Garrison & Co., wholesale grocers, 511 North Second street, and is one of the most prominent business men and respected citizens of St. Louis. His father is still living, but the "little woman" of Dickens died ten years ago. She was Mrs. Annie Noye Garrison, whose father, Richard Noye, was a native of Plymouth, England, and was a local Methodist preacher for a long time in Buffalo, New York, where his son, John T. Noye, now lives. Mr. Garrison distinctly remembers his mother's description of Dickens.

—Large stock and small prices at T. B. Anerson's. 9-22&wv



W. B. LARKWORTHY.

This is the likeness of the man who has the contract for building the Pettis county court house, and his name is a guarantee that the work will be done honestly, and creditably alike to contractor and the county. Mr. Larkworthy first saw the light of day in England, having been born in the "light little isle" fifty-five years ago. When thirteen years of age he landed in America, and with his parents settled in New York, where he learned the carpenter's trade. Twenty-six years ago he took Horace Greeley's advice and came west, first settling at what was then but an insignificant and straggling village on the banks of the Missouri river, but which is to day the metropolis of the Missouri valley, and a phenomenal illustration of western, or, rather, Anglo-Saxon grit, enterprise and energy. It was Kansas City. Mr. Larkworthy soon began to develop his genius as a contractor, and secured the contract for erecting the first brick business building on the bluff overlooking the village at its base. The building still stands, and is at the corner of Main and Third streets. This was in 1858, and the uncracked walls of that building, to-day, attest the honesty and good workmanship of the man who put it up. In 1861, Mr. Larkworthy removed to Quincy, Illinois, and has since made that city his home.

His field of operation has been a large one, and wherever he erected a building or a block, he has preserved his good name, and left unsullied his reputation. He has taken and successfully carried through some very heavy contracts, and not a word of dissatisfaction has ever been uttered against his work. One of the finest public buildings in the west is the court house at Quincy, Ill., of which he was the contractor. This magnificent structure, of which the Pettis county court house is a counterpart, though on a smaller scale, cost \$248,000. Some of the other buildings erected by Mr. Larkworthy are: The court house at Kahoka, Mo., \$25,000; one at Bloomfield, Iowa, \$25,000; opera house at Springfield, Ills., \$50,000; Congregational church, at Quincy, \$80,000; Union bank, Trenton house, a very fine building, the Sisters' hospital, all in Quincy, and numerous fine dwelling houses, hotels, business blocks and stores, in many cities throughout the west. He also has the contract for erecting the government building at Hannibal.

Mr. Larkworthy is a thorough master in his line, and an expert in judging of the quality of material. He has an extensive acquaintance with men who furnish building supplies of all sorts, and with them he ranks A. No. 1. His word is as good as his bond. That he will maintain his past record in this contract, no one questions.

—The People's Remedy for Biliousness, Constipation, Piles, Sick Headache, Jaundice, etc., is Allen's Bile Beans, a purely vegetable liquid remedy; large bottle, 25 cents. At all druggists.

Burglars About.

Friday night the house of Fred. Liphard, on Lamine, between Tenth and Eleventh streets, was burglarized before the family retired. The fellow effected an entrance in the rear part of the house and finding nothing that he wanted but a lunch basket, he took that and left it in the yard. Mrs. Liphard heard a noise and she looked out the front door, when the would-be robber stepped up and asked, with a great deal of self-assurance, "Does Mr. Patterson live here?"

The house of Sam Irvin, corner of Massachusetts and Seventh streets, was also invaded Friday night. After working some time at the windows, without accomplishing their design, they then went to the cellar and burnt matches hunting cold victuals with starvation success. It was a water haul.

The burglars next visited the house of Ab. Meyer, but went away without any booty.

Everybody should be prepared to receive these midnight marauders.

—Do it at Once For ten cents get a package of Diamond Dyes at the drug-gist's. They color anything the finest and most desirable colors. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. Sample card thirty-two colors and book of directions for 2c stamp.

A Sad Death.

Death under any and all circumstances is an unwelcome and a terrible visitor, but when it overtakes one far away from home, although surrounded by loving children and friends, fresh terrors are added to the terrible tidings borne by the dreaded messenger. About one week ago Mrs. J. D. Lauter, of London, Ontario, Canada, arrived in the city on a visit to the family of Mr. Thomas Kelk. Shortly after her arrival she was taken ill and after an illness of but little more than two days duration, she breathed her last, surrounded by sorrowing friends and her son and daughter, who fortunately arrived in time to see their idolized mother breathe her last.

The remains were forwarded to the former home of the deceased at London, Ontario, Canada, yesterday, whither they were accompanied by the children of the deceased and Mr. Thomas Kelk, whose guest she was.

Verdict of All the Juries.

Benons Caprine Plasters have been awarded gold medals over all competitors. Safe and positive.

PETTIS' PRIDE.

The Corner Stone of the Court House Laid With Imposing Ceremonies.

A Vast Concourse of People Assembled to witness the Event.

The Masons Conduct the Ceremonies, and Mr. Slinnett Frequently Orates.

An event occurred in this city yesterday afternoon which marks an epoch in the history of Sedalia and Pettis county. It was the

LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE

of the court house. The bare statement that such a stone was placed in position, and that a court house is being erected, utterly fails to convey to the outside world the importance of this simple act, and its full significance. For weary years Blind Justice has been led around in Pettis county by first one county court and then another, a disagreeable chariot, in search of a temple wherein she might hold aloft the scales she bears in her hand. To-day she found admittance to this dirty, dark abode, to-morrow she was ignominiously kicked out, and compelled to seek other shelter.

There was no abiding place for the goddess, and no dwelling she could call her own. At one time her seat was under a root which the rain of heaven mocked and through which it fell as unrestrained as it patters upon the prairie. At another time she was forced to flee for her life, because the walls of the upper chamber into which the county court had fled, were weak and treacherous. Again her quarters were airy, hot, in winter beyond endurance, as cold in winter as a discarded lover's reception. Oh, this maiden, if such she be, has been most ungraciously treated in this county, and should she seek revenge by dishing the balances the wrong way against some who have opposed the building of a suitable temple for her, she could well defend herself for unbecomingly conduct on the ground of administering that which is their due.

BUT A TRUCE

to this. It is not pleasant to play the part of a jackall and dig in the graves of the buried past, when the skeletons there are ghastly reminders of things to be forgotten. The goddess, who has been buffeted in the past, smiles sweetly and says she has no Indian blood in her veins.

It seemed for a time as if there was a sudden effort on the part of those to whom people naturally look for leadership in such matters, to let this occasion go by default, and that there would be no ceremonies attending this event, and had it not been for the persistent efforts of Superintendent Steth backed by the BAZOO, the probabilities are that what did occur, would not have taken place.

The Masons were first invited to lay the stone, but there were to them at that time, a concatenation of circumstances which seemed to say nay to the invitation. Then the Bar as occasion was asked to take charge of the matter, but the members of that body were as indifferent as though they had been asked to plead a cause without a retainer or fee. But a second appeal was made to the Masons, and with success. The corner stone was to be laid with high honors and solemn ceremonies.

Yesterday afternoon, at a little after 3 o'clock, the Sedalia Silver Cornet band, in gorgeous uniform, took position on Second street, midway between Ohio and Osage. Down the stairway which leads to Masonic hall over the First National bank,

FILED ST. OMER COMMANDERY.

Knights Templars, followed by a long line of brother Masons, without uniform, their only insignia being the small white apron adorned with the band struck up a martial strain and the column, headed by Police Officers Wentzmann, Golden and Gossage moved out. The line of march was as follows:

From Masonic hall west on Second street, north on Osage street, east on Main street, south on Lamine street, west on Third street, south on Ohio street, east on Fifth street, north on Lamine street, west on Fourth street to entrance to the court house square.

Along Ohio street there was a vast concourse of people, many of them from the country, and when the column moved off, everybody hurried to the court house. There had been a staging prepared on the northeast corner of the building and this was quickly appropriated by as many of the crowd as it could accommodate. The small boy being there in force. Officer Skutumpah, however, cleared the crowd from this reserved platform, none being allowed there but the Masons, band and press representatives.

THE CEREMONIES.

Very brief, but very impressive were the ceremonies. District Deputy Grand Master B. H. Ingram, acting as Grand Master, called the assemblage to order and requested the utmost silence. The crowd, among whom were many of the fair daughters of Sedalia, and the country, became hushed and so remained until after the benediction. The band played an appropriate piece, and then at the command of Grand Master Ingram the stone, under the direction of Contractor Larkworthy, was raised in position ready for lowering at the proper time. Acting Grand Chaplain Bro. D. C. Brown, then stepped forward, and with uncovered head, offered up

AN ELOQUENT PRAYER.

He thanked God for His providence and guidance over us as a people, and that He had vouchsafed to us a name and a place as a nation which were loved at home and respected abroad. Thanks were offered for civil and religious liberty, and a petition for the preservation of the Sabbath and all that tends to sanctify and make better the people. A blessing was asked for those to whom are committed public trusts and interests, that their duties may be discharged as in the sight of heaven. "Let them feel that God sees them." "Bless them the State of Missouri," invoked the man of God, "even as Thou hast blessed and prospered this beloved commonwealth in the past. Bless Sedalia, and may vice and sin be eradicated from her borders. Bless Thou this order which to-day lays this stone. Make us one with the Master and Great Grand Master over all. Amen."

"So mote it be," responded the brothers. At the conclusion of the prayer, Acting Grand Treasurer Wm. Bard stepped forward, bearing in his hand a bright copper box some twelve inches square. This box he deposited in a receptacle under the stone and after it had been plastered around with cement, the band meanwhile playing a solemn dirge, the stone was lowered and settled in its place. The box contained the

FOLLOWING ARTICLES:

The last annual proceedings of the Commandery, Chapter and Grand Lodge of Masons; list of officers of the Grand lodge elected October, 1884; by-laws of Sedalia and Granite Lodges, of Sedalia; memorials of Gen. George R. Smith, as follows: Photograph of the first house erected on the site of Sedalia, being the residence of General Smith on what he expected to remain his farm, but what is now the center of the city; also, photograph of his residence erected on Broadway; portion of the "Missouri column of the United States Biographical Dictionary, containing life of General Smith; speech made by General Smith in the Missouri senate, Feb. 10, 1865; Elder Ragland's funeral discourse of General Smith, July 13, 1879.

Duval's Sedalia Directory of 1873, containing lists of county officers from the formation of the county, also history of Sedalia, 1882; Sampson's Natural History of Pettis county; review edition of Sedalia Democrat, for January, 1883; copies of the Sedalia daily papers; list of officers of the different courts of Pettis county, and of the attorneys of the Pettis county bar; set of silver coins of 1834.

SQUARING THE STONE.

Acting Junior Grand Warden Wm. Gentry tested the stone by the square and reported it "square with the world." Acting Deputy Senior Grand Warden S. H. Sanders, of Ottumwa, applied the compass and reported the test satisfactory. Grand Junior Warden W. M. Williams, of Booneville, plumed the stone and said it was right.

And then followed the symbolic ceremony of pouring on the stone the corn and wine and oil, which was done by Brothers Wm. Gentry, S. H. Sanders and W. M. Williams. This part of the ceremony was intensely interesting to the spectators, and solemnly impressive. The corn typified plenty, the oil, peace, the wine, good cheer.

Acting Grand Master Ingram advanced to the stone, after the corn and oil and wine had been poured upon it, gave three taps with his mallet and called upon the brethren for the grand honors. This was a clapping of the hands in concert, the arms being raised and extended, and alternately folded across the breast.

Then turning to Mr. Larkworthy, Grand Master Ingram placed in his hands the implements by which the position of the stone had been tested, and enjoined on him to faithfully carry forward his work.

An address from the ritual was then read by Bro. Ingram to the audience, after which,

MON. H. C. SINNETT

was introduced as the orator of the occasion.

Mr. Sinnett spoke briefly but with characteristic grace and happy appropriateness. He said that it was fitting and proper wherever a public building, a church or a temple of justice, was to be erected, that there be a public recognition in laying the corner stone. This ceremony was an ancient custom and this is why the ancient order of Masons was present. The citizens of the county and of the "Queen City of the Prairies" owe a debt of lasting gratitude to Bro. Smith and his daughters for the gift of this square, and to the present county court for their wise, careful and conservative management of the trusts confided to them. Gen. Smith's name is to be held in reverence, for his every effort was to build up this city and develop this county. For weary years we have waited and longed for this temple of justice, and after many efforts, through the instrumentality of the chief justice of the county court and his worthy associates, we are to have a building which will be a credit to them and a source of pride to us. To them we should feel grateful.

The speaker referred to the early history of Pettis county, going back to the time when it was a part of Cooper and Saline counties, and bringing up many pleasant reminiscences of the time when the place where now is a bright, growing, vigorous city, was the unbroken prairie, the habitat of the deer and the wolf. Of all who were members of the bar in this county when the speaker joined the list, only one, the venerable George Heard, remains.

Mr. Sinnett's speech was received with marked approval, and his exordium that he did not expect to be called on to thus officiate, only added to the interest his remarks produced.

Rev. Dr. Foster, of the Episcopal church, pronounced the benediction, and the ceremony of laying the corner stone was over. It may be of interest to know that the first county court judges of Pettis county were James Raney, Elijah Taylor and Wm. A. Miller. They were plain, honest men and faithful to their duties.

The following is a transcript of the first entry made in the court records in this county:

Pettis circuit court, July term 1883. Grand jury sworn and empanelled and return into court same day, and having nothing to present, are by the court, discharged.

James H. Birch presents a license to practice law, and the court orders his name enrolled as an attorney.

Henderson Young, producing a license therefore, it is ordered that his name be enrolled as an attorney.

William H. Heard } Appeal from vs. J. P. James Williams.

Dismissed at the request of the parties. Ordered that the court adjourn until court in course.

JOHN F. RYLAND, judge, AMOS FRISTOE, clerk, AARON JONES, sheriff.

The record does not state the place where court was held, but does state that the succeeding term, held in November, was at Ramey & Wesson's mill.

The following eloquent letter was received from

COL. JOHN F. PHILLIPS.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Oct. 24.

MY DEAR SIR—I telegraphed you my inability to be with you to-morrow at the interesting ceremony of laying the corner stone of your magnificent court house. I cannot express to you and friends how deeply I regret my enforced absence. The occasion would be of unusual and peculiar interest to me. The founding of a new and imposing temple of justice brings up a crowd of recollections of my early and long connection with the bar of your county—the many inconveniences, hardships, incidents and vicissitudes of the way of justice through a period of twenty-eight years.

Nothing gives higher evidence of the spirit of advancing intelligence, enterprise and justice in the community than the erection of so splendid an edifice for the dwelling place of law and its ministers.

I hope the event will be celebrated in a manner characteristic of the people of the county, and that the completed building will typify the public virtue and glory of the people who built it.

Very truly, yours, etc. JNO. F. PHILLIPS.

A WICKED WOMAN.

Under the Guise of a Respectable Lodging House She Is

Conducting One of the Boldest Dens of Assignment in the City.

The BAZOO had occasion a few days ago to call attention to the existence in the very heart of the city, of a fully fledged assignment house. For reasons at that time best known to the reporter, names and locality were suppressed but pointers sufficient were given to the police to enable a blind man to "catch on." No arrests followed, however, in that quarter, although not a day passed but impudently street walkers and unfortunate tramps were arrested. Day by day the infamous woman who conducts an establishment which she labels "Furnished Rooms for Ladies and Gentlemen," has grown bolder. Daily has it been heralded upon the street that you can "get a girl" if you only put in your application in time to this woman, who has so far forgotten the principles of honesty and decency long since discarded by common courtesans.

The BAZOO no longer has any hesitancy in concealing the name of the woman or the locality of the den where she transacts her nefarious business. She is but a common prostitute, and hence her name is of little consequence. She holds forth in Riley's block, in the new addition recently constructed to that building, and it is said that several "high toned gentlemen" have rooms there, while two or three "ladies" occasionally call there to see their "best fellows." This is a house of prostitution on a large scale, conducted openly and notoriously, and in defiance of all law. The police officers, who evidently have a disposition to do their duty, claim that they dare not pull this den, because they would be unable to make out a case against the inmates.

It may not be generally known, but it is nevertheless a fact, that there is in the employ of the city an officer assigned to "special duty." If he has any regard whatever for the trust confided in him, he ought to look after this den of iniquity. It may be difficult to establish this dive as a house of prostitution, because there are so many evidences of respectability surrounding it, but such it is and evidences can soon be adduced to prove this assertion, if the officers will but give the matter their attention.

It will be remembered that some time ago one Edith Thompson, a notorious prostitute, rented the old Lindell hotel, where she conducted an open and notorious house of prostitution and defied the authorities to arrest her, because she was in possession of a hotel license. The BAZOO at that time insisted that no house of prostitution, bad enough in itself, should be conducted under another name, and public sentiment was so aroused that the officers of the law were compelled to pull the shameless inmates of the Lindell hotel as it then existed and the ranche was broken up.

A house of prostitution is bad enough at best, and will probably exist under some name to the end of time, but by all that is pure and holy let it be called by its right name, and let not the painted harlot, because she chances to be a little better dressed than her unfortunate sister, escape punishment.

The women, poor, degraded outcasts, while looked upon with loathing and scorn, are yet objects of pity, but what shall be said of the pimp, that nameless object for whom there is no atonement too pronounced, no hell too deep. Presenting the features of a God-given countenance, all that is noble and pure and yet possessing the instincts of the slimy serpent, such a reptile is the pimp, and upon close investigation a nest of them may be found huddled together and trailing their loathsome bodies over one another in the building heretofore mentioned.

The BAZOO will have more to say on this subject, later.

The Democrats Swelled the Crowd

FAYETTE, Oct. 24.

EDITOR BAZOO:—Tell it to "the people now on earth," that your "bad omen" was a good one.

If I did get left, I had an interview with Gen. Henderson and still got here an hour and a half ahead of time, and addressed a large and enthusiastic audience, of at least twice the size of that which listened to my honorable opponent; and that, too, in a county, wherein, it has been said, there are not enough republicans to make "mile posts."

Truly, etc., WM. S. SHIRK.

Underwear.

Big drives at Schults the hatter's.

—Preparations have almost been concluded for the University lecture course. John B. Gough, Colonel Sanford and the Boston Quintette club are among the attractions promised.